


## CHAPTER I.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedslats continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encourager of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's tow-colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pockmarks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons. Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurled into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You cayn't complain of Ron," he said this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last that he'd ruther have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He 'lowed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for anybody else."

"That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw.

"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of 'im, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute sence he was knee high to a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danube, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hisse'f. You cayn't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; an' as fur good looks, geewhilikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out in his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the oldest son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep frum laughin' out loud.

"'You're away off, my friend,' sez he; 'you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his sideshow myself, but I know a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed fur the money back, nuther.'

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yeer an' said, I did: 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow fur a minute; the tent's stretched right out thar in the bushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot.'

"He wilted an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to bless my purpose when them two riz an' poled it out over the straw. I half way got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' begun to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. "My Lord," he grunted, "ef I took folks to taw ever' time they joked about you-uns, I'd have my hands full."

"Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us," declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it, Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you, he's no slouch!"

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a hillside half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building, Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, "nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough fur such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay no end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass reading his Blackstone. In his unlikeness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmist would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clatter up at the house. An' to tell you the truth, I've got a quart hid in that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? I have to keep it hid from the old man; he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, but he loves it like a hog does slop."

"You know I never drink," replied the other, firmly. His words formed a striking contrast to the dialect of his brother; there was a vague sadness of tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped as if they were weary of the print upon which they had been resting.

"Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I take a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry as a powder-horn." He removed a flat stone from the hollow of the stump and took out his flask. "Here's lookin' at you," and the neck of the bottle went into his mouth.

"I suppose they made me the subject of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, when Dave had replaced the flask under the stone and sat on the stump, his legs crossed.

"Not any more'n common, Ron; they've got to talk; talkin' comes as natural to women as cluckin' does to hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when they've laid; the time to git away from a woman's tongue is when she's idle, an' that's all the time. But, honest, I don't see why they won't let you alone. You want to read an' study, because it suits you, an' I am with you, tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head set on ranch life out west, because I liter'ly love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin', but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an' cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two dollars an' a-had my independence."

Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the county's greatest planter, Col. Henry Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, representing wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of things above and beyond him in the dreamy blue realm of possibility. Its massive Corinthian columns, its vast white proportions and its aristocratic inmates, whom he saw driving along the roads, told him constantly what he and his family were not. Up to his twenty-fifth year his fancy had dared to play only about the exterior of this old family seat, but of late his imagination—call it ambition, if you will, had led him beyond the mystic portals, and he walked there with men and ladies; he dined there; he discussed topics he had read with the white-haired host; he stood near the piano and heard Evelyn Hasbrooke play and sing; he saw her white hands flit over the keys, and felt her smile up at him. And then the bubble would burst and the grim, sordid contrast of his real existence would grasp and wring the gall from his soul.

Evelyn Hasbrooke was unwittingly responsible for these later dreams. He had rendered her a service the preceding summer when she was home from school. To him the act was nothing, but when it was over she had hung white and quivering on his arm, and in that wonderful cadence of hers had told him that he had saved her life. He had helped her over the fence and felt the warmth of her breath on his face. They had stood and chatted for awhile and then they had parted. He had not seen her since, for she was at school in Boston, but he had never forgotten the glory of her deep, gray eyes, the infinite sweetness and beauty of her face. A thousand times since that moment he had wondered if she, too, remembered. Sometimes when his hopes were brightest he fancied that she did—that she must if only because his mind was on her so constantly.

## CHAPTER II.

About a week after this he heard that she was home again to remain, her school days being over. His informant also told him that Carnleigh was to have visitors—Mr. James Hardy, a cotton merchant of Charleston, who was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of the colonel's eldest daughter, Caroline, and Capt. Charles Winkle, who owned a fine plantation five miles beyond the mountain and was believed to be an admirer of the young debutante.

Ronald was longing to see Evelyn again, but he met the two sisters and their escorts sooner than he desired. He had taken his books and fishing tackle to a shady nook on the river bank and was just getting settled when he heard merry laughter in the wood between the river and the road and a moment later the two couples emerged from the tangle of cane, vines and foliage. Instinctively Ronald drew his wide-brimmed straw hat down over his eyes, and Evelyn did not recognize him for a moment. He had resolved that he should never speak to her again unless she showed a disposition to renew their informal acquaintance, and he was averse to putting her to the test before the others. But Capt. Winkle knew by sight (he did not bother himself with their names) nearly all of what he jocularly termed "the white trash" of that section, and he usually addressed them without ceremony or courtesy. For a moment he paused watching Ronald's line, and then he asked:

"Are they biting, my man?"

Ronald felt the hot blood of anger rush to his face and his fingers tightened on his rod. It was on his tongue to retort sharply, but Evelyn's presence helped him control his temper. He made no reply. Capt. Winkle curled his mustache with his white fingers; he thought the fisherman had not heard his question.

"I see you have some bait, my good fellow," he said in a louder tone. "Will

"WELL, I RECKON YOU DON'T MIND."

you let me have some of your crickets? the boy has not come with ours," and the captain tossed a silver coin on the grass near Ronald. There was a pause. Ronald was conscious that Evelyn and Mr. Hardy had moved on and that Miss Caroline was waiting for Winkle. Then our hero picked up the piece of silver and tossed it into the stream, at the same moment he doffed his hat and lifted his basket of crickets.

"You are welcome to them," he said. "I should hate to see ladies lose their sport."

"Oh, no, Capt. Winkle!" objected Miss Caroline, "do not mind them; we are very much obliged, I hear the boy coming now."

As she turned away and the captain was following her he looked back and said with a sneer:

"I think, Miss Hasbrooke, that we'd better go further down the stream; he'll be diving for that money and will frighten all the fish."

Ronald's ear had never been so acute; he heard Caroline Hasbrooke's low, guarded voice above the rustling of the leaves against her stiff duck skirt. "You ought not to have noticed him," she said; "that's one of old man Fanshaw's sons; he has taken up the study of law, and it seems to have given him the big head."

"You don't tell me," laughed the captain, "haw, haw!"

Then the negro boy, carrying a basket of crickets, passed at the top of his speed. Ronald baited his hook and flung the line into the stream; his hands were quivering; he was almost beside himself with rage. The drone of voices told him that the fishing party had paused about forty yards away. The reflection of the sunlight on the face of the water was maddening. This, then, was his long dreamed of meeting with Evelyn; she would hear her sister's account of what had taken place after she had moved on. Half an hour passed; a fish nibbled at his bait, taking his line round in a circle, but he did not notice it. Suddenly there was a light step on the grass near him. It was Evelyn Hasbrooke and she came to him with hand outstretched.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Fanshaw," she faltered. "I did not recognize you under that big hat. I did not know it was you till sister menticned it just now."

He stood up, dropping his hat on the ground.

"I really did not presume that you would care to—to renew our slight acquaintance," he stammered, red in the face.

A pained expression passed over her beautiful features.

"I can't remember anything I have done to make you think so ill of me, Mr. Fanshaw."

She seated herself on the root of a tree and opened the novel she held in her hands. He found himself unable to formulate a suitable reply and he drew in his line and put another cricket on his hook.

"I am afraid," she said, searching his face, "that Capt. Winkle offended you just now. I am sorry that a guest of our house should fail to treat anyone—you especially—with due courtesy, and I am glad you rebuked him as you did."

"You are very kind, Miss Hasbrooke."

"My sister is Miss Hasbrooke," she said, with a little laugh. "I am still little Evelyn, even if I have laid my school books away."

Again she had made an unanswerable remark, and silence fell between them. He broke it after a moment's pause.

"But you have grown; you are" (he wanted to say more beautiful) "different."

"I presume a year does change a girl, but you are just the same, Mr. Fanshaw—exactly the same."

[To Be Continued.]

## A LITTLE ROMANCE.

**Short Story of Tenement Life That Will Disappoint Sticklers for a Conventional Climax.**

"Step! Step! Step!"

It was some one mounting the stairs. It was a slow and heavy step, and there was something grim and grewsome about it—something to tell the listener that the sole owner and proprietor of the step was a lop-shouldered son of a gun without enough mercy in his heart to grease a sunflower seed.

"'Tis he—the landlord!" gasped the woman, who sat in the gloom of her garret room with white face and palpitating heart.

The step came nearer—the frail door was kicked open, and Adamant Flintstone stood before her and said:

"Woman, I am here! If you cannot pay me my rent, out you go!"

"Oh, Mr. Flintstone, have you no heart?" wailed the unfortunate.

"Not a bit. Pay or go!"

"But think of your mother."

"I haven't any."

"Then your sisters."

"Never had one."

"Is it possible that because I owe you $120 rent you will drive me out on the street on a night like this?"

"I am in the landlord business for money," was his unfeeling reply.

"But you can't expect that Heaven will prosper a man that has neither pity nor mercy?"

"I can. I am making 14 per cent. on my investment. Will you pay, or shall I chuck you out of the window?"

"I—I will pay!" she sobbed, as the storm increased and the wind tried to shake the stuffing out of the old tenement.

And, pulling two $100 bills out of her pocket, she handed them out and received $80 in change, and Adamant Flintstone chuckled in his frozen heart as he turned away and left her trying to choke herself to death with a buttonhook.—Washington Post.

**Cause of the Earth's Magnetism.**

The mystery of the earth's magnetism is a problem that has baffled the wisest scientists of all times and countries. No even approximate explanation of this great force of nature has ever been offered until within the past few weeks it was announced that Dr. Henry A. Rowland professor of physics in the Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, had devised a machine that would afford opportunities for experimenting into the causes of magnetic force. Prof. Rowland's theory is that a body moving rapily through the air will generate within itself a strong electrical current. If this idea can be proven, then the swift flight of the earth through space will explain its electrical influences. The machine which Prof. Rowland has invented to test his theories is a wheel, wound with fine wire, revolving about a shaft, inside a casing, which allows space for a layer of air about the wheel. The wheel represents the earth, and the layer of air the atmosphere. In the preliminary experiments it is already proven that the revolution of the wheel develops magnetism in the wire, more or less, according to the swiftness of the revolutions. An endless variety of delicate experiments will be made with this machine by Prof. Rowland and his assistants, with a view of securing the definite solution of the earth's secret of magnetic force.—Ledger Monthly.

**Love's Greatest Sacrifice.**

Mother—Are you sure you love him?

Daughter—Am I sure! Do you see this dress?

"Of course I do. What of it?"

"Will you kindly tell me if it bears the slightest resemblance to the present fashion?"

"Well, really, it—er—it—"

"It doesn't?"

"No."

"Well, I'm wearing it because he likes it."—Tit-Bits.

**A Palpable Mistake.**

Mr. Snipkins—Ah, Mrs. Highmind, I have been wonderfully struck by the strong resemblance you bear to your husband.

Mrs. Highmind—Young man, you are altogether wrong. I do not bear any resemblance whatever to my husband. My husband looks like me, that is all!—Chicago Times-Herald.

## FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

**Summary of Leading Events.**

Washington, May 10.—Senate—The case involving the seat of Mr. Clark, of Montana, was postponed until next Tuesday. A bill was passed to pay Mary A. Swift $12,000, one year's salary of her husband, John E. Swift, who died while serving as United States minister to Japan. The session was concluded with eulogies on the late Representative Samuel Bair, of Louisiana.

House—By the very narrow margin of two votes the house unseated Mr. Crawford, of North Carolina, a democrat, and seated in his place Mr. Pearson, of North Carolina. He is the third republican to be seated by the present house. The minority resolution declaring the sitting member entitled to the seat was defeated by one vote.

Washintgon, May 11.—Senate—The entire session was devoted to a discussion of the naval appropriation bill. It was decided to vote on the measure at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

House—All records were broken in passing private pension bills. There were exactly 180 passed. The principal one among them was the senate bill to pension the widow of the late Gen. Guy V. Henry at the rate of $100 per month.

Washington, May 12.—Senate—The session was entirely devoted to a consideration of the naval appropriation bill, the main feature being a defeat of the proposition to erect a government plant for the production of armor.

House—The session was brief and of no particular interest. A few bills of minor importance were passed.

Washington, May 14.—Senate—The naval appropriation bill was passed. It provides $4,000,000 for a government armor plant in case armor can not be purchased for $445 per ton. Other bills passed were the "free home" bill; to survey Cleveland harbor, with a view to its further improvement; for the improvement of Snake river in Washington and Idaho; providing for a collector of customs for Hawaii.

House—The general deficiency bill was passed. It carries $3,839,021. The debate was devoted principally to political topics. The military academy bill is the last of the supply bills yet to be acted on by the house.

Washington, May 15.—Senate—Just as the routine business was concluded Mr. Clark, of Montana, arose and in a long speech announced that he had sent his resignation to the governor of Montana. The resolution relating to Mr. Clark went over, and the senate proceeded to the transaction of routine business. Little business of importance was transacted.

House—The military academy appropriation bill was passed and sent to the senate. This is the last of the general appropriation measures, and the house will be ready to adjourn as soon as the senate disposes of those it has not passed and the two houses adjust the differences in conference.

Washington, May 16.—Senate—Nearly 100 bills were passed, 77 of them being private pension bills, among them being one granting $100 a month to the widow of Gen. Lawton. All the other bills were of a local nature.

House—But little was accomplished besides passing the senate bill to incorporate the American National Red Cross. No progress was made with the Alaskan code bill. The conference report on the District of Columbia appropriation bill was returned after extended debate.

## BOER REPRESENTATIVES.

**It is Probable the Envoys Will Visit a Majority of the Cities in the United States.**

New York, May 17.—Beyond a drive through Central park and the principal localities of interest in the city, no programme was arranged for the Boer envoys Wednesday. They spent the forenoon in answering telegrams and letters from more than sixty cities in the United States from which invitations had been received.

An effort is being made to arrange a plan so that the envoys can visit a majority of the cities. Probably they will leave for Washington on Friday. C. H. Wessels, one of the envoys, discredited the cable dispatches to the effect that President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, is said to have lashed the Free Staters to make them fight. He said the Free Staters were all working together and in perfect harmony. Mr. Wessels was also asked concerning the English advances and successes reported in recent cables. He said: "Everything is going according to the plan of action prepared some time ago. Every time we fall back it is given out as a British success, but it is all a preconsidered plan and does not hurt us in any way. The final crisis has not yet come. What I consider the crucial test will be at the Vaal river, near Pretoria. I do not think that the stories published about the British successes are neutral news, but highly optimistic from a British standpoint."

**Negro Lynched By White Men.**

Meridian, Miss., May 17.—Parties arriving here bring the news of the lynching of a Negro, Sam Hinson, by a mob of white men near Cushtusha. Hinson was employed on the farm of Mrs. Eliza Adams, and attempted to murder her. He was prevented by the arrival of neighbors who heard Mrs. Adams' screams. The Negro fled, but was captured and lynched.

**No Additional Gold Duty.**

Rio De Janeiro, May 16.—It is officially announced that the government will not ask congress to impose an additional gold duty on imports. It is possible, however, that the gold duty may be raised and a corresponding reduction made in paper duties.

**Ex-Queen Lil Leaves for Hawaii.**

Washington, May 16.—Liliuokalani, ex-queen of Hawaii, and her retinue, left Washington Tuesday for Honolulu. Her health is much enfeebled and it is not likely that she will return to this country.



**Willing to Show 'Em.**

An honest young man, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery.

One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat."

Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally pointing to his pedal extremities, said: "Well, here they be, mum."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



It is not considered good form for a red-haired girl to ride a white bicycle. This is important and should be remembered.—Danville Commercial.



It sometimes happens that a man of resources is one who has ingenious methods of contracting liabilities.—Chicago Daily News.



The only reason some persons pay their debts is so that they will feel free to borrow again.—N. Y. Press.



It doesn't make a bill any smaller to file it away.—Philadelphia Record.